

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

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MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1862.

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THE BULLETIN.

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ROSS & ROSSER,
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MAYSVILLE, KY., AUGUST 7, 1862.

From the Columbus (Ohio) Crisis.
THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

A Thanksgiving Ode for some of the 'New England Clergy.'

BY REV. T. HEMPHREY.

New England, of the bright, green hill;
New England, of the glitter brook;
The granite crags, the bounding hills,
And all the winter's dazzling host;
New England, proud of storied names,
Went midst the battle's thundering flames,
And up whose bays and on whose shores
Commerce her gay abundance pours,
Pause—it is well to ask if thou
Hast not a stain on hand or brow!

Thy name rings on through every clime,
Thy sails are spread to every breeze,
Thy masts are white with Arctic rime,
Thy tenders before the tropic seas;
Thine was the dower in other days
Of patriot's voice and hero's lays,
And many a lion-heart was found
In thee; thy tales were bold and proud;
And from thy many churches rose,
Through morning's breeze or evening's close,
A grateful incense unto Him
Before whose face the sun is dim;
And high-born Honor walked with thee,
And Faith and sweet-eyed Charity;
But the eternal winds of Change,
That o'er creation's bosom range,
Have blown on thee, and thou art not
The same in beauty, heart, or thought!
Thy laurels now are worn by fools,
Or brawling faction's mindless tools;
Thy churches, how like empty cells!
O'erwhelmed with rogues and infidels—
Where spiders starve, or Mormons sprawl,
And Garrison and Chivers bawl;
Another race now spread thy fame—
Race skilled to play the double game
Of sycophant, or warrior bold,
With lucre bought, for lucre sold.
Yea, tell me, who are they that stand
The foremost in thy councils now?
The men who wear the hateful brand
Of Cain stamped on the brain or brow?
Thou, too, hast gold and copper slaves,
More than thy "green hills" are thy knives!

With leaching frowns and rancorous mouth
You curse your neighbors of the South;
Cease, cease that Puritanic growl,
Lest of that hypocrite's scowl!
For you the yellow rice-bloom blooms,
The cotton waves its downy plumes;
For you the luscious cane juice flows
And negroes wipe their dripping brows;
Forego that spiteful, maniac glare,
Yea, bid your saintly "clergy" tell—
Tell if the thief and they who share
Sink not unto the same red hell;
Slaves till the soil—slaves press the cane
And pull the snow-white cotton ball;
With iron fist you grasp the gain—
Too pure, you think, to catch a stain—
And in that blood-bought luxury roll,
If it be such; but for your gold,
And England's motherland of slaves,
Few human heads to-day were sold;
Your ships first brought them o'er the waves,
You first that gloomy traffic planned,
The negro from his native land,
Was torn by your piratic hand;
Your merchants love the favoring gales
Which blow to them the Southern bales;
For them no air has such a balm,
Or sound so like a Sabbath psalm,
As that which, with the snowy down,
Tobacco clusters darkly brown,
And sugar-cakes their wharves invade,
Though stained with that "accursed trade";
They give their wealth and drop a curse
On those who fill their greedy purse,
With gold wrung from the negro's hands,
But has it ever burnt their hands?

Which think you has the deadlier grip;
Your avarice or the Southern tethers?
Which think the bloodier, fiercer whip,
A lash of gold or braided leather?
They sow the seed, you seize the grain,
They scatter and you reap again;
The hands that share the spoil with those
Which deal the gore-murderous blows
Alike shall feel the avenger's rod,
The curse of man, the fire of God!

New England clergy, breathe a prayer
For Carolina's bondmen dark.
And one for those whose hands prepare,
By stealth, the swift piratic bark,
From Boston and New London pier
Across the Eastern wave to steer.
And waft its swarthy cargo o'er
From Congo to the Cuban shore.
Some spiteful chronicles have said
Your deacons drive that dubious trade—
Yea, pray for each, and thankful be,
Their sweat will swell your salary;
But cease that Puritanic growl,
Put off that hypocrite scowl,
That sanctimonious rail may blow
Aside; that smile may one day show
The dragon scales that gleam below!

WINDSOR, NEW YORK.

SPEECH OF HON. C. S. WICKLIFFE, AT THE Great Democratic Convention, at Indianapolis, Indiana.

Mr. Wickliffe, being introduced by the President of the Convention, alluded briefly to the former relation between Indiana and Kentucky. The words of the gentleman who had presented him brought to his memory the events of fifty years ago. It was then a time of war, a war waged by the people—the Democracy, he might say—of the United States against Great Britain, for free trade and sailors' rights. Indiana and Kentucky had no sailors impressed, and then, as now, those who made our troubles their own, up like a terrapin in its shell in their New England States, and left us to fight their battles. God blessed us then. May God bless us now. May He bless our efforts in maintaining the Constitution as it is and restoring the Union as it was, against the wicked Secessionists of the South and the still more wicked Abolitionists of the North. Kentucky had authorized him to say that for the Constitution and the Union she would devote her all. Would ever Indiana and Kentucky consent that the Union should be divided by the Ohio River? ["No, no, no."]

Indiana will do as she has done before, pour out her precious blood defending our free institutions against all those who are combined against them. Upon correct principles Indiana would do this. For the Union and the Constitution she would do it, but not to carry out the behests of any sectional party, or the leaders thereof, whether in or out of power.

It had been asserted that slavery must be extinguished before we could have peace. When was this proclaimed? Was it in the month of July, 1861, when in both Houses of Congress, all voted that the war, brought about by Secessionists, should be waged to maintain the Constitution, restore the Union, to preserve the institutions of the several States and to protect the citizens thereof in the enjoyment of their personal and domestic rights? Was it proclaimed when, after the unfortunate affair of Bull Run, we again appealed to the patriotism of the country to spill its blood for the purpose above declared? Did any man then say to you that this war should never cease while a slave existed within the United States?

But they say it now. The Abolition party had swallowed neck and heels the Republican party. Like sheep, these Republicans in Congress followed their leader. When we Whigs of the old school, Douglas men and Breckinridge men, who had seen the error of their ways, called upon them to declare that they would wage the war on the principles indicated, as they had in 1861, like Billy Bo-peep's sheep, they didn't come up. When Judge Holman, of Indiana, a good and true man, God bless him, renewed the Crittenden resolutions as an assurance to the army, and invited them to vote upon it, they refused. Yet they said they were for the Constitution and for a restoration of the Union. They say they are for it now, and they will say they are for it until after your October election. Mark that!

What was the cause of the war? [A voice, "Abolitionism."] Well, you guessed it pretty near, my friend. Some body must have told you. That I know; for so help me God, it's true! But they say slavery is the cause of the war. If he had the power he would visit upon the heads of the leaders of the rebellion the punishment their wickedness merited. But when it came to the test very likely he would, like the tory Scotchman, who told the Revolutionary rebel that he would be conquered, but that his Majesty was a merciful man and would not descend in hanging below a few atrocious characters—he would not, with regard to rebels now, a-days, descend below a few atrocious characters, but he would hang an Abolitionist on the other end of every rope.

Slavery was as much the cause of the war as the tea thrown into Boston Harbor was the cause of the Revolution. This was conceived by designing and ambitious men. In proof of it, Mr. Wickliffe produced the resolutions passed at the New York Abolition Convention in 1859. What did this Convention resolve? Why, that because of the evil of slavery, they invited a free correspondence with the disunionists of the South, to the end of a dissolution of the United States. Thank God, but more thanks to the Abolitionists of the North, the Secessionists say, for they have enabled us to accomplish what we have been trying to do for thirty years. Hence you see we have two classes of traitors to fight: the Abolitionists among us, as well as the rebels of the South. As he had told Lovejoy in Congress, who, in an Abolition harangue, brought out metaphorically a ship full rigged and freighted with Secessionists and Abolitionists, he would throw overboard the Abolitionists first. So people of Indiana, you must throw them overboard. I don't care under what name they approach you. A leopard is just spotted, although you call him a bear.

The South wanted a government separate from the East. The East wanted a government separate from the negro. That was what caused this rebellion. And if the twenty millions of the North could not conquer the six millions of the South without arming the negro, in God's name let the Abolitionists in Congress get out of the way, and we, the conservative men, old Whigs, Democrats and Republicans who revered the Constitution, for there were some such, would prosecute the war, restore the Union, and maintain the rights of all under the Constitution intact.

Slavery, when the Constitution was adopted, existed in every State but one. Yet Lovejoy talked away in Washington, trying to show that under that instrument, and because of the Declaration of Independence, the negro was free and equal with the white men. Our fathers declared that they—the white race, the Anglo-Saxon race—were free and equal. They made this Government for themselves, for the white man, and not for the negro. If they intended that the negro should stand side by side with you at the ballot-box, and on the battlefield, they were the greatest set of hypocrites God ever made; that they did not say so. Why did they not free the slaves everywhere? Let Lovejoy go and preach his doctrine to the negro, and let the white man alone.

In the last Congress, which had the most time devoted to it, Congress or the nigger? [Voices, "The nigger!"] Secretary Chase, who is our banker now, was engaged in Cotton planting at public expense. He has agents—they used to call 'em overseers, but now they are agents—treasury rats, employed in this business. One of them is named Pearce—Pearce, of Ohio. General Hunter had gone on Pearce's Government plantation and turned his niggers into soldiers, with red breeches and striped jackets. Pearce could not stand Hunter's interference, and wrote to Secretary Chase about it, and business on the Government plantation was, the present, at a stand still. Let the Abolitionists get out of Congress, get away from positions of responsibility, get out of the army, and in less than six months we would have peace within the Union and under the Constitution. He would give all he had to sustain the Union; he would lay down his life for it, but he would have no Union in violation of the Constitution. What right had the General Government to interfere with the slaves in Kentucky? The Abolitionists said that it was under the war power. Even some of the Governors of the States had said that the Union was broken, that we had no law now but that of an unbridled majority. The majority in Congress, calling themselves Republican, had followed the Abolition programme to the letter. They were for confiscation, emancipation, a servile war, and a desolation of the South. Are you for such a war? You are for a war for the Union—not for an Abolition war. What would you do with these niggers? Do you want them in Indiana? He saw, the other day, in Washington, two hundred prisoners captured by Major General McDowell. They were poor negro women in rags, with their babies in their arms, that this Major General—when McClellan needed his aid—had captured on the Rappahannock, and sent to the Capital. The great Government of a free people turned the Generals of its armies into slave hunters, who were engaged in catching negroes on the Rappahannock. Mr. Wickliffe concluded: By all that party strife with which you have been heretofore divided, maintain your principles like men. This Union must be sustained, this Union must be preserved, and let the nigger take care of himself. If you would do this, set your heels on Abolitionism, and when this war is over we will have a Fort Warren for some of that sort of gentry. God bless Indiana! God bless Kentucky! "United, we stand; divided, we fall!"

WOUNDED AND KILLED.—It takes but little space in the columns of the daily papers; but O! what long household stories and biographies are every one of these strange names, we read over and forget!

"Wounded and killed!" Some eye reads the name to whom it is dear as life, and some heart is struck or broken with the blow made by the name among the list.

It is our Henry, or our James, or our Thomas that lies with his poor bones in a ditch, or in a hospital, or white, still, and ghastly face on the battle field. Alas! for the eyes that read; alas! for the hearts that feel!

"He was my pretty boy, that I've sung to sleep so many times in my arms," says the poor mother, bowing in anguish that cannot be uttered. "He was my brave, noble husband, the father of my little orphan children!" sobs the stricken wife. "He was my darling brother, that I loved so, that I was proud of," murmurs the sister, amid tears; and so the terrible stroke falls on homes throughout the land.

"Wounded and killed!" Every name in that list is a lightning stroke to some heart, and breaks like thunder over some home, and falls a low black shadow upon some hearthstone.—Home Magazine.

FIGURATIVE.—The late Rev. John N. Maffitt once wrote a little volume, entitled "Tears of Contrition," and commenced it as follows:

"From the romantic retreat of far-famed Erin—borne on the fickle winds of adverse fortune—a lonely stranger brings his mite of sorrow, and lays the dew-starred treasure at Columbia's feet."

Artemus Ward's Toast.

Artemus Ward being present at a celebration and exhibition, was called upon for a speech, when he replied in "a toast to the phair sex!" Ladies, see I turn to the beautiful females whose presents were perfunctory the fare ground, I hope you're enjoyin' yourselves on this occasion, and that leminaid and ise watter or which you air drinkin', may no be agin' you. May you allers be as plentiful as any army with Union flags—also plenty of good cloze to ware.

Tu yore sex—commonly kauled the phair sex, we are indebted for our berrin, as well as many other blessings in these lo'wouns of sorrow. Sum poor sperroted fools blaim yore sex for the difficulty in the garden; but I know men are a desultory set, and when the apples had bekum plum ripe I have no doubt but Adam would have rigged a cyder press, and like as knot went onto a big bust and been driv' off anawar. Yure 1st muther was a lady and all her dawters is ditto, and non but a lafin kuss will say a ward agin yu. Hopin that no waive of trouble may evar ride akross yore peaceful breast, I konklude these remarks with the following centymens: Woman—She is a good egg.

A Knotty Question.

If in a shady or a light, Dick Roe had turnt the tables, And eke should turnt a piece from ont John Doe's un-men-tion-a-bles—Query—in such a case as that, What course to go upon? Should John bring suit against Dick Roe, Or Dick bring suit to John? Or, if compelled to sue Dick Roe, Say what the New Code teaches, Should John sue Dick for a breach of the peace, Or for a piece of the breeches!

It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of his party to a lamp-post.

LETTER OF COLONEL METCALFE To the Editors of the Cincinnati Gazette.

The raid, or rather the horse stealing adventure just accomplished by Morgan with the advice and consent of the sympathizing thieves in our midst, is all the talk here, and I suppose you have been duly informed of all the particulars. I can now inform you, and this I have from "unquestionably reliable authority," that Lexington is safe. Now just think of it—all Kentucky acting on the defensive against one regiment of thieves. Collecting up the men to Lexington and Frankfort, and waiting there for an attack. Morgan did not come here to fight; his mission was in the horse business. He had no time to waste on fighting. The men were nearly all ordered away from Cynthiana, and their horses left there. Of course nothing could have suited Morgan better, and accordingly he went there and attacked the small force that was left and took up the horses—I suppose as slaves. But he remembered to the credit of the little band that were at Cynthiana, they fought the enemy, who numbered four or five to one, for four hours, under the leadership of the gallant Colonel Landrum, Major W. O. Smith, Capt. Rogers, and others, the enemy losing the most men. The enemy passed through Harrodsburg, Versailles, Midway, Georgetown, Leesburg to Cynthiana, passing within twelve miles of Lexington. Yet I can positively assure you that Lexington is safe. The enemy then went to Paris, and the next morning early Gen. G. C. Smith appeared before the town to give him battle; but the valiant horse-trader, with all his forces, and horses too, skedaddled with most terrific speed. Smith following close after him with sharp stick, but could not get near enough to punch him, and by this time he is at Mobile if he kept on at the same rate that he left Paris.

But I will quit that subject for my private opinion is that we made a complete flum of the whole thing, and no promotions will be made at present on account of the masterly management displayed. Like the celebrated gentleman in harvest, we are always a little behind. I am told that Morgan left Kentucky greatly disgusted with his friends, and said that he had got two thousand letters inviting him there and promising a general uprising if he would come; that they would flock to his standard by the thousand, but he took away fewer men than he brought with him. But all his mares foaled, and he will of course get back with more horse stock.

Is there anybody in America simple enough to be fooled again by the sympathizing scoundrels in Kentucky that profess to do nothing? But I tell you they are constantly plotting and planning the destruction of every Union man. They invite in these thieves and robbers, co-operate with them, rob and murder our friends and still expect that we must protect their lives and property. Will Kentucky never, never learn common sense? Will you calmly stand and look on, and see your State invaded by a band of murderers, who are invited to your door by the scoundrels in your midst, and calmly look on while they murder your father, your brother and your friends? You who are thus bereaved know full well who are the sympathizers. That father, brother and son whose blood now is upon the hands of these fiends in your own neighborhood, have nobly fallen defending your homes and firesides, and now stand at the gates of heaven, guarding it against the entrance of the cowardly relatives left behind who will not avenge their unjust death. Kind policy has been tried—protecting their property has been tried. We have protected their families, while they went to war against us. We have protected their property while they robbed us. We have tried to argue constitutional laws while they cut our throats. Will experience teach you nothing? Rise and subdue them by any means in your power. If it requires the taking of their lives, you must do it as a sad necessity. Your country and your life and liberty are at stake. Fight them by any means in your power, as long as they have arms in their hands, or are sympathizing with the enemy. They can make peace in twenty-four hours, if they wish. But you must conquer it. You have voted, and they are trying to whip you out of your allegiance to your country and your own decision, and place over your rulers you have rejected. You have done your duty at the ballot box. Now try the bayonet. The rich men in your own country who have lent their aid and influence to the enemy, to the men for your special attention. At the beginning of this rebellion they were simple enough to believe that they were to be made the lords over you; that the laws of South Carolina would soon be extended over Kentucky, and all of you who did not own ten negroes would be deprived of legislative powers, and all who were not "nigger" owners would be entirely deprived of a vote, and they would be the lords of our land. Down with them, boys. Take that property from them. Deprive them of the means by which they expect to put you down. Teach them that you are their superiors, as men and freemen, if not in property. They did wantonly burn the dwelling houses of our friends Mr. V. and Capt. K. now would it be but simple justice for them to move into the finest house of a sympathizer in their neighborhood and drive them out? I call upon you, gentlemen, to set the example. Let them feel the anarchy they have produced, give them some practical demonstration, so that they can compare anarchy with the good old way it was when they commenced this war. But, halt. Let us see if we cannot find a remedy that will do away with the sad necessity of killing our own race and devastating our lovely land. Yes, we can. That is, to remove the cause of this war. If there had been no slaves, there would have been no war. Why did our people turn filibusters and attempt to take by force Cuba, Central America, Yucatan, &c.? They said at the time that the object was to extend the slave power, and give the balance of power to the slave States. Then it is a plain case that if there had been no slaves, there would have been no necessity for the unholy war upon these unoffending people. That spirit of filibustering and robbing of our neighbors was urged on by the same party who now sympathize with

THE REBELS, AND ARE NOW MAKING WAR ON OUR COUNTRY, AND A YEAR AGO YOU COULD HEAR NOTHING ELSE BUT NIGGER, NIGGER. THEY MADE WAR UPON OUR OWN COUNTRY AS UNJUSTLY AS THEY DID UPON CUBA AND FOR THE SAME PURPOSE, TO CONQUER A BALANCE OF POWER FOR THE NEGRO OWNER, AND AT A TIME WHEN THEIR NEGRO PROPERTY WAS PROTECTED BY THE STRONGEST LAWS THAT COULD BE DEVISED, AND WHEN NO ONE WAS DISTURBING THEIR RIGHTS IN THE NEGRO OR ANY OTHER PROPERTY. NOW SOME OF THE SAME MEN WHO WERE FOREMOST IN THE NEGRO CRY ARE TRYING TO DENY THAT NIGGER HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS WAR. DON'T LET THEM SLIP OUT IN THAT WAY. CAN'T YOU ALL REMEMBER ONE YEAR BACK? CAN THEY NOW MAKE YOU BELIEVE THAT YOU WERE ASLEEP, AND DREAMED ALL THAT? IF THERE HAD BEEN NO NIGGER, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO WAR. NIGGER HAS BEEN THE PRETEXT TO RIDE INTO OFFICE FOR LONG YEARS. THEY HAVE CRIED NIGGER ABOLITIONIST EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER, TO CARRY ANY POINT, AND THE SAME CRY WAS GOTTEN UP THIS TIME TO CREATE A WAR. THIRTY YEARS AGO THEY ATTEMPTED TO GO UP A WAR UPON THE TARIFF, BUT THE PUBLIC PULSE WOULD NOT VIBRATE TO THAT CALL. BUT NOW THEY WANT A WAR, AND ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS TO CRY OUT, "NIGGER IN DANGER," AND JUST SEE WHAT A TERRIBLE CONFLICT FOLLOWS. IN THE FACE OF ALL THIS, WILL ANY SANE MAN BELIEVE THE NEGRO HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE WAR? NOW, FELLOW CITIZENS, WHICH IS THE BEST FOR US—SHALL WE GO ON DESTROYING OUR OWN RACE, KILLING, SLAYING, DEVASTATING OR SHALL WE REMOVE THE CAUSE OF THE WAR AND QUIT THIS WICKED WORK, AND RETURN TO THE PURSUITS OF PEACE AND PLEASURE, AND MEET AGAIN IN QUIET DEAR ONES AT HOME, SWEET HOME? AHI AHI! BUT THEY TELL YOU THAT IT IS BETTER FOR THE NEGRO THAT HE REMAIN AS HE IS. WELL, I GRANT IT; BUT IS IT BETTER FOR US? HAD WE BETTER DO THAT WHICH IS BETTER FOR US, OR THAT WHICH IS BETTER FOR THE NEGRO? IS IT ALL THE AIM AND OBJECT OF OUR LIVES TO TAKE CARE OF THE NEGRO? MUST THE PEACE OF SALLY AND THE CHILDREN, THEIR WELFARE AND THEIR HAPPINESS BE SACRIFICED, THEY TURNED LOOSE, WIDOWED AND IMPOVERISHED ORPHANS, THAT IT MAY BE BETTER FOR THE NEGRO? TWENTY THOUSAND OF OUR OWN RACE WERE KILLED THE OTHER DAY AT RICHMOND, AND A HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE HAVE DIED AND BEEN SLAIN IN THIS WAR. WEEPING AND MOURNING NOW FILL YOUR LAND—WHAT FOR?—IN ORDER THAT IT MAY BE BETTER FOR THE NEGRO. YOU ARE NOT CALLED UPON TO SACRIFICE ANYTHING. YOU ARE NOT ASKED TO GIVE THEM AWAY, BUT TO TAKE THE PAY FOR THEM. THEY ARE OF NO PROFIT TO US IN KENTUCKY. THE MONEY THEY WOULD BRING—YES, THE INTEREST ON IT—WILL DO MORE LABOR THAN THEY DO. WE LOOSE NOTHING BY THE SALE; THEN, WHY NOT REMOVE THE CAUSE OF THE QUARREL AND QUIT KILLING ONE ANOTHER?

I was born a slave owner, and am now a slave owner, and have been a pro-slavery man until I see plainly that my country is in danger from that institution. My country first. I for one am willing to sacrifice my negroes without compensation if it required that to save my country or to save our own race from this destruction, and he that is not willing to make such a sacrifice has no soul, and is not entitled to the privileges of a free and liberal Government. You must now make a choice; you have no discretion in the matter. Is it to be peace, or war? The question is not now the way you would rather have it, but in self-defense you are compelled to wipe out the institution or go yourselves with wife and children to ruin. You are now at the point that you must decide. Your lives, your liberty and happiness are now at stake. Weigh well the verdict.—Remember that Pharaoh's heart was hardened; that he was blind to reason and common sense until he was overwhelmed in the raging billows. A like fate awaits you. Let me warn you of the impending danger. Do not fasten on your children this everlasting warfare. The value of property in your State will advance many times the value of your slaves as soon as you make the sale.

LEONIDAS METCALFE.

Not a Word.

Has the Republican party had a word to say against Wendell Phillips, who publicly boasted that he has been engaged for nineteen years in the work of destroying the Union?

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Vice President Hamilton, who, knowing Phillips' treasonable sentiments, publicly left the Speaker's Chair, in the United States Senate, and almost embraced him on the floor of that body?

Not a word?

Has it had a word to say against Senator Wade, who declared publicly in the Senate that—"the man who prates about the Constitution in this great crisis is a traitor?"

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Representative Bingham, who said in the House, only a month or two ago, "Who in the name of Heaven wants the Cotton States or any other State this side of partition to remain in the Union, if slavery is to continue?"

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Thaddeus Stevens, who recently said in Congress that he "was not for the restoration of the Union if slavery is preserved?"

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against any of the fanatics who declare—"the Constitution a league with hell" and the "Union a covenant with the devil?"

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against any of its friends who have plundered the treasury in one year of a greater sum than the yearly current expenses of Mr. Buchanan's Administration?

Not a word!

Not a word!—Lebanon (O.) Advertiser.

A good story is told of an aristocratic lady, who, being asked how she liked the dinner at Mrs. A.'s great party, replied:—"The dinner was excellent, but my seat was so prominent from the neck nicks, that I could not exemplify my appetite; and the pickled cherries had such a defect upon my head, that I had a motion to leave the table, but Mr. C. gave me some bareheaded respect in water, which benefited me."

the rebels, and are now making war on our country, and a year ago you could hear nothing else but nigger, nigger. They made war upon our own country as unjustly as they did upon Cuba and for the same purpose, to conquer a balance of power for the negro owner, and at a time when their negro property was protected by the strongest laws that could be devised, and when no one was disturbing their rights in the negro or any other property. Now some of the same men who were foremost in the negro cry are trying to deny that nigger has anything to do with this war. Don't let them slip out in that way. Can't you all remember one year back? Can they now make you believe that you were asleep, and dreamed all that? If there had been no nigger, there would have been no war. Nigger has been the pretext to ride into office for long years. They have cried nigger Abolitionist ever since I can remember, to carry any point, and the same cry was gotten up this time to create a war. Thirty years ago they attempted to go up a war upon the tariff, but the public pulse would not vibrate to that call. But now they want a war, and all they have to do is to cry out, "Nigger in danger," and just see what a terrible conflict follows. In the face of all this, will any sane man believe the negro had nothing to do with the war? Now, fellow citizens, which is the best for us—shall we go on destroying our own race, killing, slaying, devastating or shall we remove the cause of the war and quit this wicked work, and return to the pursuits of peace and pleasure, and meet again in quiet dear ones at home, sweet home? Ahi Ahi! but they tell you that it is better for the negro that he remain as he is. Well, I grant it; but is it better for us? Had we better do that which is better for us, or that which is better for the negro? Is it all the aim and object of our lives to take care of the negro? Must the peace of Sally and the children, their welfare and their happiness be sacrificed, they turned loose, widowed and impoverished orphans, that it may be better for the negro? Twenty thousand of our own race were killed the other day at Richmond, and a hundred thousand more have died and been slain in this war. Weeping and mourning now fill your land—what for?—in order that it may be better for the negro. You are not called upon to sacrifice anything. You are not asked to give them away, but to take the pay for them. They are of no profit to us in Kentucky. The money they would bring—yes, the interest on it—will do more labor than they do. We loose nothing by the sale; then, why not remove the cause of the quarrel and quit killing one another?

I was born a slave owner, and am now a slave owner, and have been a pro-slavery man until I see plainly that my country is in danger from that institution. My country first. I for one am willing to sacrifice my negroes without compensation if it required that to save my country or to save our own race from this destruction, and he that is not willing to make such a sacrifice has no soul, and is not entitled to the privileges of a free and liberal Government. You must now make a choice; you have no discretion in the matter. Is it to be peace, or war? The question is not now the way you would rather have it, but in self-defense you are compelled to wipe out the institution or go yourselves with wife and children to ruin. You are now at the point that you must decide. Your lives, your liberty and happiness are now at stake. Weigh well the verdict.—Remember that Pharaoh's heart was hardened; that he was blind to reason and common sense until he was overwhelmed in the raging billows. A like fate awaits you. Let me warn you of the impending danger. Do not fasten on your children this everlasting warfare. The value of property in your State will advance many times the value of your slaves as soon as you make the sale.

LEONIDAS METCALFE.

Not a Word.

Has the Republican party had a word to say against Wendell Phillips, who publicly boasted that he has been engaged for nineteen years in the work of destroying the Union?

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Vice President Hamilton, who, knowing Phillips' treasonable sentiments, publicly left the Speaker's Chair, in the United States Senate, and almost embraced him on the floor of that body?

Not a word?

Has it had a word to say against Senator Wade, who declared publicly in the Senate that—"the man who prates about the Constitution in this great crisis is a traitor?"

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Representative Bingham, who said in the House, only a month or two ago, "Who in the name of Heaven wants the Cotton States or any other State this side of partition to remain in the Union, if slavery is to continue?"

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Thaddeus Stevens, who recently said in Congress that he "was not for the restoration of the Union if slavery is preserved?"

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against any of the fanatics who declare—"the Constitution a league with hell" and the "Union a covenant with the devil?"

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against any of its friends who have plundered the treasury in one year of a greater sum than the yearly current expenses of Mr. Buchanan's Administration?

Not a word!

Not a word!—Lebanon (O.) Advertiser.

A good story is told of an aristocratic lady, who, being asked how she liked the dinner at Mrs. A.'s great party, replied:—"The dinner was excellent, but my seat was so prominent from the neck nicks, that I could not exemplify my appetite; and the pickled cherries had such a defect upon my head, that I had a motion to leave the table, but Mr. C. gave me some bareheaded respect in water, which benefited me."

"SHODDY" PATRIOTS.—We believe it was Dr. Johnson who made the remark that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." By the expression he did not mean pure, unadulterated patriotism, or love of country, and a willingness to suffer and die, if need be, in its defense, like our brave soldiers are now doing on the battle-fields of Virginia and elsewhere; but he meant that spurious, affected kind, the possession of which, like the hypocrite described by the great English Poet, "wears the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." Such patriots are to be found at every street corner, every town and village in our Commonwealth—great overgrown, blustering, blathering demagogues, who are too lazy to work, and too cowardly to shoulder their muskets and march in defense of their country. The patriotism of these contemptible fellows consists in slandering and vilifying a large portion of their fellow-citizens and denouncing them, behind their backs as traitors and disunionists. We have quit a number of these "shoddy" patriots in Logan.—It is not necessary for us to point them out by name, as they are well known in the community. Some of them attempt to divert public attention from their own rotten characters by exuding their slime upon their neighbors. It is an old stop thief cry of the "scoundrel" depicted by Dr. Johnson, and the ear-marks are visible at every step of his progress. Such "scoundrels" still exist, but their power for mischief is at an end.—Hocking (O.) Sentinel.

A very simple and easy way to find the number of bushels of corn in a crib or wagon bed, is to multiply the width, height and length of the crib together, and then deduct one-fourth from the amount. Suppose a crib to be 4 feet wide, 9 feet high and 20 feet long, thus:

9
4
—
36
20
—
4720
180
—
5440

544 bushels of corn.

This may not be exact, but it will come as near as any other way it can be done.

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.—The following is the oath of allegiance required to be taken by military prisoners as a condition for release, and of others who are suspected of disloyalty: "I do solemnly swear that I will support, protect and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign, and that I will bear true faith, allegiance and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution or law of any State Convention or Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding, and if any fact, in any manner whatever, comes to my knowledge, which might aid the enemies of this Government, or assist the so called Southern Confederacy, or the guerrillas acting in concert with them, or which might aid their government, I solemnly swear that I will immediately give information of the same to some officer of the United States Government; and further, that I do this with a full determination, pledge and purpose without any mental reservation or evasion whatsoever; and, further, that I will well and faithfully perform all the duties which may be required of me by law. So help me God."

FRAUDFUL RECKONING.—There is a day not distant, says the Newark Advertiser, when the howl of "secessionism" raised against their neighbors, would protect the true authors of our present difficulties from the fearful responsibilities which are certain to overtake them. That day will come when the great battles are over—when the land has been filled with widows and orphans—when a mighty debt rests like a mountain upon the energies of the people, and when property-holders begin to look up their old receipts, showing the taxes they paid yearly down to the time when Abolitionism first began to be forced into our politics by office-hunting demagogues. These receipts will show whether the existence of slavery in the District of Columbia, in the States, or in the Territories, produced a necessity for heavy taxes. On examining them, property holders will see that slavery placed no burdens on the tax-payer; and on comparing them with the demands which the government is compelled by the present war to make of them, THEY WILL SEE THE COST OF ABOLITIONISM. When that day comes fully around, then look out for breakers!

S. F. Chase.

Mr. Chase has sometimes called himself Salmon P. Chase, but more usually S. P. Chase. The public have never known what the letter P. stood for, tho' it has generally been thought to mean Pudding, and he has sometimes been called Pudding-Chase. His political career has been marked by very violent changes of position, and it is now seen that his cognominal initials were at once typical and prophetic: from being a straight-out hard money man, opposed to banks (except in the way of borrowing) he has fallen into the extreme of making three cent and one cent paper money. Henceforth his initials mean SHUN PLASTER CHASE.—Urbana (O.) Union.

India rubber pipes are now used at public tables, because they can be stretched to the size of the company.

Why is an intoxicated young man, who is to become the inheritor of his father's estate, like a certain kind of stove? He is an heir tight (air tight).

A clerk in one of our mercantile establishments, writes to his friends—"I have a good time of it now—very little work to do—our firm don't advertise."

The modest young lady who refused to go into a rifle manufactory because some of the guns had no breeches, is spending a few days in this city.

Why is drunkenness like a washbowl?—Because it is a base stir (basin).